

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?  
*Prin.* My Lord of Warwicke.  
*King.* Doth any name particular, belong  
 Vnto the Lodging, where I first did swoon'd?  
*War.* 'Tis call'd *Ierusalem*, my Noble Lord.  
*King.* Laud be to heauen:  
 Euen there my life must end,  
 It hath beene prophesied to me many yeares,  
 I should not dye, but in *Ierusalem*:  
 Which (vainly) I suppos'd the Holy Land.  
 But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:  
 In that *Ierusalem*, shall Harry dye. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Shallow, Silence, Falstaffe, Bardolfe,  
 Page, and Daine.*

*Shal.* By Cocke and Pye, you shall not away to night.  
*What Dany, I say.*  
*Fal.* You must excuse me, M. Robert Shallow.  
*Shal.* I will not excuse you: you shall not be excus'd.  
*Excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall  
 serue: you shall not be excus'd.*  
*Why Daine.*  
*Daine.* Heere sir.  
*Shal.* Dany, Dany, Dany, let me see (Dany) let me see:  
*William Cooke*, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dany.* Marry sir, thus: those Precepts cannot bee  
 seru'd: and againe sir, shall we sowe the head-land with  
 Wheate?  
*Shal.* With red Wheate *Dany*. But for *William Cook*:  
 are there no yong Pigeons?  
*Dany.* Yes sir.  
 Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,  
 And Plough-Irons.  
*Shal.* Let it be cast, and payde: Sir *John*, you shall  
 not be excus'd.  
*Dany.* Sir, a new linke to the Bucket must needes bee  
 had: And Sir, doe you meane to stoppe any of *Williams*  
 Wages, about the Sacke he lost the other day, at *Hinckley*  
 Fayre?  
*Shal.* He shall answer it:  
 Some Pigeons *Dany*, a couple of short-legg'd Hennes: a  
 ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tyme Kickshawes,  
 tell *William Cooke*.  
*Dany.* Doth the man of Warre, stay all night sir?  
*Shal.* Yes *Dany*:  
 I will vse him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a  
 penny in purse. Vse his men well *Dany*, for they are ar-  
 rant Knaues, and will backe-bite.  
*Dany.* No worse then they are bitten. sir: For they  
 haue maruellous fowle linnen.  
*Shallow.* Well conceited *Dany*: about thy Businesse,  
*Dany*.  
*Dany.* I beseech you sir,  
 To countenance *Williams Visor* of Wuncot, against *Cle-*  
*ment Perker* of the hill.  
*Shal.* There are many Complaints *Dany*, against that  
*Visor*, that *Visor* is an arrant Knaue, on my know-  
 ledge.

*Dany.* I graunt your Worships, that he is a knaue (sir):  
 But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue should haue some  
 Countenance, at his Friends request. An honest man sir,  
 is able to speake for himselfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue  
 seru'd your Worships truly sir, these eight yeares: and  
 if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue,  
 against an honest man, I haue but a very litle credite with  
 your Worships. The Knaue is mine honest Friend Sir,  
 therefore I beseech your Worship, let him bee Counte-  
 nanc'd.

*Shal.* Go too.  
 I say he shall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dany*.  
 Where are you Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.  
 Give me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.  
*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.  
*Shal.* I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Master  
*Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:  
 Come Sir *John*.

*Falstaffe.* Ile follow you, good Master *Robert Shallow*.  
*Bardolfe*, looke to our Horses. If I were saw'd into  
 Quantities, I should make foure dozen of such bearded  
 Hermites Staues, as Master *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull  
 thing to see the semblable Coherence of his mens spirits,  
 and his: They, by obseruing of him, do beate themselves  
 like foolish Iustices: Hee, by conuersing with them, is  
 turn'd into a Iustice-like Seruingman. Their spirits are  
 so married in Coniunction, with the participation of So-  
 ciety, that they flocke together in consent, like so ma-  
 ny Wilde-Geese. If I had a suite to Master *Shallow*, I  
 would humour his men, with the imputation of being  
 neere their Master. If to his Men, I would curie with  
 Master *Shallow*, that no man could better command his  
 Seruants. It is certaine, that either wise bearing, or ig-  
 norant Carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of  
 another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie.  
 I will deuise matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to  
 keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing  
 out of fixe Fashions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Ac-  
 tions, and he shall laugh with *Internallams*. O it is much  
 that a Lye (with a slight Oath) and a iest (with a sadde  
 brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache  
 in his shoulders. O you shall see him laugh, till his Face  
 be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

*Shal.* Sir *John*.  
*Falst.* I come Master *Shallow*, I come Master *Shallow*. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord  
 Chiefe Iustice.*

*Warwicke.* How now, my Lord Chiefe Iustice, whe-  
 ther away?  
*Ch. Iust.* How doth the King?  
*Warw.* Exceeding well: his Cares  
 Are now, all ended.  
*Ch. Iust.* I hope, not dead.  
*Warw.* Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,  
 And to our purposes, he liues no more.  
*Ch. Iust.* I would his Maiesty had call'd me with him,  
 The seruice, that I truly did his life,  
 Hath left me open to all injuries. *War.*

*War.* Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.  
*Ch. Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
 To welcome the condition of the Time,  
 Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
 Then I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn of Lancaster, Gloucestre,  
 and Clarence.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy Issue of dead *Harrie*:  
 O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper  
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
 Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:  
 How many Nobles then, should hold their places,  
 That must strike faile, to Spirits of vilde sort?  
*Ch. Iust.* Alas, I feare, all will be over-turn'd.  
*Iohn.* Good morrow Cousin Warwicke, good morrow.  
*Glouc.* Good morrow, Cousin.  
*Iohn.* We meet, like men, that had forgot to speake.  
*War.* We do remember: but our Argument  
 Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.  
*Ch. Iust.* Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy  
 Peace be with vs, least we be heauier.  
*Glouc.* O, good my Lord, you haue lost a friend indeed:  
 And I dare twaine, you borrow not that face  
 Offseeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.  
*Iohn.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to finde,  
 You stand in coldest expectation.  
 I am the sorrier, would't were otherwise.  
*Ch. Iust.* Well, you must now speake Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* faire,  
 Which swimmes against your streame of Quality.  
*Ch. Iust.* Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,  
 Led by th' Imperiall Condukt of my Soule,  
 And neuer shall you see, that I will begge  
 A ragged, and fore-stall'd Remission.  
 If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,  
 Ile to the King (my Master) that is dead,  
 And tell him, who hath sent me after him.  
*War.* Heere comes the Prince,

*Enter Prince Henrie.*

*Ch. Iust.* Good morrow: and heauen saue your Maiesty  
*Prince.* This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maiesty,  
 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke.  
 Brothers, you mixe your Sadnesse with some Feare:  
 This is the English, not the Turkish Court:  
 Not *Amurath*, an *Amurath* succeeds,  
 But *Harry*, *Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)  
 For (to speake truth) it very well becomes you:  
 Sorrow, so Royally in you appeares,  
 That I will deeply put the Fashion on,  
 And weare it in my heart. Why then be sad,  
 But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)  
 Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.  
 For me, by Heauen (I bid you be assur'd)  
 Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:  
 Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;  
 But weepe that *Harrie*'s dead, and so will I.  
 But *Harry* liues, that shall conuert those Teares  
 By number, into houres of Happinesse.  
*Iohn, &c.* We hope no other from your Maiesty.  
*Prin.* You all looke strangely on me: and you most,  
 You are (I thinke) assur'd, I loue you not.  
*Ch. Iust.* I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)  
 Your Maiesty hath no iust cause to hate mee.  
*Pr.* Not How might a Prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid vpon me?

What? Rate? Rebuke? an  
 Th'immediate Heire of E  
 May this be wast'd in Le  
*Ch. Iust.* I then did vie  
 The Image of his power,  
 And in th' administration  
 Whiles I was busie for th  
 Your Highnesse pleased  
 The Maiesty, and power  
 The Image of the King, w  
 And strooke me in my ve  
 Whereon (as an Offender  
 I gaue bold way to my A  
 And did commit you. If  
 Be you contented, wear  
 To haue a Sonne, set you  
 To plucke downe Iustice  
 To trip the course of Law  
 That guards the peace, an  
 Nay more, to spurne at yo  
 And mocke your working  
 Question your Royall Th  
 Be now the Farther, and p  
 Heare your owne dignitie  
 See your most dreadfull L  
 Behold your selfe, so by a  
 And then imagine me, tak  
 And in your power, soft  
 After this cold considerat  
 And, as you are a King, sp  
 What I haue done, that  
 My person, or my Lieges  
*Prin.* You are right  
 Therefore still beare the fl  
 And I do wish your Hon  
 Till you do lue, to see a  
 Offend you, and obey yo  
 So shall I lue, to speake  
 Happy am I, that haue a  
 That dares doe Iustice, on  
 And no lesse happy, havi  
 That would deliuer vp hi  
 Into the hands of Iustice,  
 For which, I do commit  
 Th' vnstained Sword that  
 With this Remembrance  
 With the like bold, iust,  
 As you haue done gainst  
 You shall be as a Father,  
 My voice shall found, as  
 And I will stoop, and bu  
 To your well-practis'd, a  
 And Princes all, beleue  
 My Father is gone wilde  
 (For in his Tempe, lye m  
 And with his Spirits, fac  
 To mocke the expectatio  
 To frustrate Prophecies,  
 Rotten Opinion, who ha  
 After my seeming. The  
 Hath proudly flow'd in  
 Now doth it turne, and  
 Where it shall mingle w  
 And flow henceforth in  
 Now call we our High C  
 And let vs chooe such